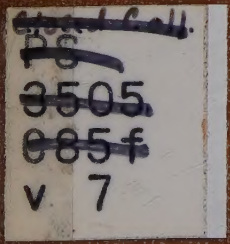
PQ
3505.
085f
v 7

UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

UNITY LIBRARY & ARCHIVES
Four minute essays
CLOSED [redacted] v.7
0 0051 0020299 1
CLOSED

CLOSED COLLECTION

Four Minute Essays

By

Dr. Frank Crane

Volume VII

UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc.
New York Chicago

Copyright
Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen
By Dr. Frank Crane

1258

PS
3505
.R27
F7
V.7
CLOSED COLLECTION
UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
MINE OWN WILL COME TO ME	5
DAD	9
THE MARCH OF THE SHADOWS	13
HALF-SCIENCE	18
THE KINGS	21
GOD'S WHISPER	23
SLOVENLY THOUGHT	27
SELF-STARTERS	31
QUAND MÉME!	34
THE PRESSURE	37
THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST FEAR	41
POISONING THE CHILD MIND	44
NOTHING'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE	48
A SCHOOL FOR LIVING	52
WHAT IS BERGSONISM?	57
DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM	61
THE MASTER'S HAND	65
YOUR COMPETITOR	70
THINGS TO THINK ON TO CURE THE BLUES	73
THE GREAT SOUL	75
THE PART OF ME THAT DOUBTS	79
FUNDAMENTALS IN DEMOCRACY	81
EXPERIENCE VERSUS RESULTS	86

PAGE

THE TRUTH IN ADVERTISING..... 88
THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY'S WORK..... 92
ONE WORD 96
HIDDEN HAPPINESS 100
THE REAL ARISTOCRAT.....104
NO GREATNESS WITHOUT TEACHABLENESS.....109
LITTLES 111
I DON'T KNOW 115
GRAYSON 117
TEN SUCCESS HUNCHES 121
PAY, PAY, PAY! 126
ART AND DEMOCRACY.....130
FUTURISTS 134
ANGER POISON 138
BE A BIRD LANDLORD! 142
THE ACTOR'S PRAYER.....146
IT CAN'T BE DONE.....149
FROM THE CHIN UP.....153
YESTERDAY 156

MINE OWN WILL COME TO ME

I LIKE to repeat this magic formula over and over.

It is not provable. The deepest truths of life never are.

The creeds of the world, that have led men up out of barbarism into civilization, out of war into law, out of lust into love, are all inherently dubitable.

We do not reach those sublime conclusions that transform our lives by building Babel Towers with bricks of Logic, for the end of all such work is confusion of tongues. We fly to them by the airplanes of Faith.

We believe them. We do not know them.

And the best things of existence are believed, not known.

We believe them because we are drawn to them, because something in them appeals to something in us.

We believe them for much the same kind of reason that impels us to love one woman.

The most usable and persuasive wisdom has never been included in the encyclopedias. It is felt by simple hearts, as sunshine is felt. It comes to us by affinities and repulsions as mysterious, yet as potent and undeniable, as electricity.

So mine own will come to me.

Unhasting, my reward approaches.

Behind the mists of Tomorrow stands my Throne, made ready.

My place is prepared for me. In due time I shall occupy it, and all the world consent.

Destiny makes no mistakes, it is not blinded by fear or favor. Every man shall receive his penny. And I mine.

The Great Shepherd never loses a sheep. I shall not want.

In my closet will always be clothes enough, in my pantry food enough, in my bank money enough, in my acquaintance friends enough, to last me my time, as long as I am needed in this world.

I shall not worry. Mine own will come to me.

I shall not strain nor chafe. I shall not drop into the weakness of petulance. I shall not allow the silly fevers of premonition. I shall not poison my strength by doubt. Why should I, when mine own will surely come to me?

Mine own will doubtless not be what I fancy. What it will be is no business of

mine. All time I spend in speculating on what it may be is wasted and breeds disappointment.

Mine is the simpler task, just to do my work, to find the great cosmic laws and heed them, to love, and to be happy.

For mine own will come to me.

It is on its way. It is stepping surely down from the Future, and one day will open the door of the Present and come in.

And I shall be satisfied.

DAD

DEAR DAD: I am writing this to you, though you have been dead thirty years.

From your seat in the Place Beyond I hope you can see these lines. I feel I must say some things to you, things I didn't know when I was a boy in your house, and things I was too stupid to say.

It's only now, after passing through the long, hard school of years, only now, when my own hair is gray, that I understand how you felt.

I must have been a bitter trial to you. I was such an ass. I believed my own petty wisdom, and I know now how ridiculous it

was, compared to that calm, ripe, wholesome wisdom of yours.

Most of all, I want to confess my worst sin against you. It was the feeling I had that you "did not understand."

When I look back over it now, I know that you did understand. You understood me better than I did myself. Your wisdom flowed around mine like the ocean around an island.

And how patient you were with me! How full of long-suffering, and kindness!

And how pathetic, it now comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal!

I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it held me aloof? I don't know. But it is tragic—that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their frantic attempts to see through it and climb over it.

UNION SCHOOL LIBRARY

I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you how there's no wall any more; I understand you now, Dad, and, God! how I love you, and wish I could go back and be your boy again.

I know now how I could make you happy every day. I know how you felt.

Well, it won't be long, Dad, till I am over, and I believe you'll be the first one to take me by the hand and help me up the further slope.

And I'll put in the first thousand years or so making you realize that not one pang or yearning you spent on me was wasted.

It took a good many years for this prodigal son—and all sons are in a measure prodigal—to come to himself, but I've come, I see it all now.

I know that the richest, most priceless

1258

thing on earth, and the thing least understood, is that mighty love and tenderness and craving to help which a father feels toward his boy.

For I have a boy of my own.

And it is he that makes me want to go back to you, and get down on my knees to you.

Up there somewhere in the Silence, hear me, Dad, and believe me.

THE MARCH OF THE SHADOWS

I WENT to see my friend in the hospital. He had been there a month, with a bad foot. His only locomotion was being lifted from his chair to his bed and back.

When I called I found him sitting in the twilight looking out of the west window.

"Why in the dark?" I inquired.

"Don't light the light," he said. "Come and sit down. I am tired of reading. I have been now five hours in this chair.

"I am watching the March of the Shadows.

"Look! They are filling the street, crawling all over the houses, rubbing out the sharp outlines of the picture everywhere.

"Men are attacking with street-lamps, but

it is useless. They only make stronger shadows.

"The dark is oozing over the sky. It has faded all the red and yellow clouds into a dull lead.

"Shadows! The unconquerable shadows! Before them the roaring city becomes still. The streets empty. Men flee, take refuge a little while under artificial light, then surrender and—sleep. Darkness at last has its way with us.

"All the human race, all but a thin edge, inhabit Shadow land. Only about a billion are alive. Billions and billions have disappeared into oblivion. The mighty Past is all Shadow.

"Think of it! Kings and bishops and conquerors, poets and lovers and adventurers, all so eternally quiet now, in that soundless land. The Magnificent Ones—great

Cæsar, Timour and Rameses, Napoleon and French Louis—are but dim shapes against the dimmer background of unremembered myriads.

"See! The Shadows invade my room. They are under the bed, behind the wardrobe, and huddle in every corner.

"As the rim of night creeps over the earth, so the rim of oblivion creeps over history. This fringe of light, the Present, continually drops off into the twilight Past. All that exists is steadily being precipitated into the non-existent.

"Shadows invade the mind. We forget. Ah! we forget! Loves, hopes, work, beauty, pain, all drop and flutter down, like leaves, into the indistinguishable mold.

"The Shadows swallow the creeds. What men once fought over they now smile at, or forget.

"The Shadows invade our bodies. The teeth go, eyes dim, legs weaken—we are on our way back to dust. Pilgrims of the Night!

"The Shadows! They are so silent and so inevitable."

"Not a very cheerful mood you're in," I said.

"Come, come," he answered, "do not intrude your cheap optimism of health upon the exquisite melancholy of sickness. There are moods when tears are far sweeter than laughter.

"The March of the Shadows is not without a certain imperial beauty. And tenderness, too. Is not forgetful Death like a great mothering bird gathering her troubled fledglings to her soft-feathered bosom?

"There is a beautiful passage in Landor's 'Æsop and Rhodope' that I recall:

" 'There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.' "

HALF-SCIENCE

THERE is a kind of bastard science which is very dangerous.

It gets a glimpse of the great law of "The Survival of the Fittest." It explains so many things. And the apprentice mind in its enthusiasm imagines it explains everything.

It does not. The Survival of the Fittest, the Struggle for Existence, and the whole law that the physically weak are exterminated and the physically strong survive, all this is true only up to a certain point.

It is true of tigers and tomcats; it is not true of human beings.

When Man appeared, in the history of evolution, he brought another element into the arena, the Moral element.

Not to reckon with this Moral power is not to be a scientist, but a half-scientist.

The German mind is half-scientific. That is what ails it. It conceives that the final triumph will rest with "the big blond beast," with the men of muscle and ferocity, with those who thrust aside all motives of pity and gentleness and concentrate on material force.

The saying that "God is on the side of the strongest battalions," is a sample of this half-reasoning.

God is on the side of truth, honor, humaneness, and love; and in the end these gentle powers shall overcome. That is what Jesus meant when He said that "the meek shall inherit the earth." And that is what the half-baked mind sneers at, neither indeed can believe.

But just the same, Civilization means the

superiority of the Moral forces and the eventual subjugation of all Brute force.

The present war is a struggle between the Moral and the Brute ideas.

Civilization is not a working out of materialistic laws; it is the mastery and direction of those laws by a spiritual, non-material something called Man.

THE KINGS

UNIVERSAL democracy does not mean the wiping out of all grades among men, bringing every person down to an equality of commonplaceness. This idea is the product of ignorant and timid minds. The motive force of democracy is not envy.

Democracy glowers at present-day great folk not because it does not believe in aristocracy, but because it does believe in real aristocracy, and is out of patience with humbug superiority. The plutocrat of New York, the hereditary noble of London, and the kings of Europe, we do not feel pleasant toward them simply because they have no rational right to their glory.

There always have been and will be genuine kings of men, leaders, rulers, all the more powerful the less power they have. To them the common man is proud to look up, and to say "master." But these are the very kind which would have more opportunity under democracy than under privilege.

Such are Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon; Lincoln, Gladstone, Mazzini; Wagner, Beethoven, Bach; Francis of Assisi, Luther, Wesley; Socrates, Plato, Kant; Pasteur, Metchnikoff, Koch; and the like; and, over all, the "king of kings," the Carpenter's son of Nazareth, whose short life influenced mankind more than any battle, any dynastic change, any discovery.

We want the cheap, pewter kings of artificial convention to get out and give this kind a chance.

GOD'S WHISPER

"ANYBODY might have heard it, but God's whisper came to me," says the poet.

God always whispers. At least to the soul. He may thunder to nations and speak to armies in the lightning. But to the individual His message is not in the mighty wind, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but in the still, small voice.

God lives in the bottom of the funnel of silence.

He is the treasure concealed in solitude.

He meets men alone, in the dark.

Congregations have their use, and books, and papers, and multitudes, and friends, but God loves the silent way.

He is every soul's most secret secret.

If, as Thoreau said, it takes two to tell the truth, it takes also two to make a revelation; it takes the whisper of God and the listening man.

God's whisper runs to and fro upon the earth. It might be heard in all cottages, palaces, marts, offices, inns, and councils—if only we listened.

Go into the silence. Give your soul time to calm. Let the hurly-burly die down, the crash of passion, the struggle of doubt, the pain of failure, the ranklings of wrong, the clamor of ambition. Cease from self. Be still.

Practise this. It is an art, and not to be mastered out of hand. Try it again and again, as patiently, as determinedly, as lovingly as one practises the violin or the making of a statue.

And after a while, as virtuosity comes after long trials, there will come to life in you the needed sixth sense, by which you can hear the whisper.

Some day you will get it. It may rise like a strange dawn in your consciousness. It may stir in you as life stirs in the egg. It may penetrate the deep chambers of your being as a strain of mystic music.

And it will be the prize of life. You will not be able to give it to another. Every man must receive such things himself. All of God's most vital secrets are marked non-transferable.

But it will be yours—that which in all your life is most utterly yours.

It will strengthen you in weakness, cheer you in hours of gloom. When you are at sea and confused, lost in the winds of casuistry, it will shine out as a pole-star. When

you are afraid, it will reinforce you as an army with banners.

It will lull you to sleep with its music. It will give you poise. It will give you decision.

No man can tell what the whisper says. Each soul must hear for itself.

This is a great secret. One can only point the way—the way is silence.

There stands God and says: "I will give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith."

SLOVENLY THOUGHT

CLEAN up your thought.

Don't have your mind looking like the dining-table after a banquet, or the floor after a political meeting. Sweep it and dust it, and put the ideas away where they belong.

Don't have a waste-basket mind.

Or a top-bureau-drawer mind.

It doesn't do you much good to have a grand idea, or a wonderful impression, or a strong passion, if you don't know where to put it.

I notice when I talk to you that you have a good many interesting notions. The trouble is they are all higgledy-piggledy; they have no unity, coherence, order, organization.

You think, but you don't think anything out. Your wheat is full of chaff.

Perhaps I can help you if you will lend me your ear for a space.

1. Don't pick up some opinion you hear, and make it your own because it sounds fine, and go to passing it out, without carefully examining it, scrutinizing, cross-questioning and testing it.

2. One of the best tests of any opinion (not an infallible, but a very valuable, test) is, "Will it work?" If it won't, something's wrong with it, nine times out of ten. That last brilliant notion of yours—hundreds of sensible people have had it, and discarded it, because it wouldn't work.

3. Don't let anybody make you think you owe a certain amount of belief in a thing simply because you can't disprove it. Nor be deceived by the argument, "If that does-

n't account for it, what does?" You don't have to account for it at all. Some of the most pestiferous bunk has got itself established by this kind of reasoning. You don't have to believe or disbelieve everything that comes along; most things you just hang up and wait.

4. Don't be afraid to say, "I don't know." It's a sign that you know what you do know.

5. Ask questions. Don't be ashamed of appearing ignorant. What you ought to be ashamed of is seeming to understand when you don't.

6. Classify. Education is nothing but the art of classification. Keep a scrap-book. Keep an index rerum. And classify.

7. Waste no time in acquiring "general information." Always read and study with a purpose. Look up subjects; don't just read books. Books are to be referred to, con-

sulted, not to be read through—that is, as a rule.

8. Be a friend and daily companion to the dictionary and encyclopedia. Look things up.

9. Define. Practise defining. Practise telling what a thing is not, as well as what it is.

10. Get a clear idea of what you don't know. Then you can see better what you do know.

11. Write. Not for publication, necessarily, but for yourself. Writing accustoms you to choose just the right words. Beware of adjectives, especially two of them. Favor nouns. Use simple, short words. They mean more, and carry further.

12. And never hurry or worry.

SELF-STARTERS

WHAT you need, man, is a Self-Starter.

You go along all right when somebody cranks you up, but that kind of a machine is getting more and more out of style.

You have fine staying qualities, but poor starting qualities.

You have patience, perseverance, honesty, fidelity, and so on, but you don't seem to be able to start anything. Including yourself.

Now, good and faithful workers are needed in this world, for there's a deal of machinery to keep running, and chores to do, but there are also a lot of people to attend to such things, as they can't do anything else.

And if that's all you can do, or all you want or hope to do, well and good. I hope

you'll get your due wages, be a faithful member of the party, and die in your bed.

I throw no bricks at you. I hope you'll be respected, protected, and even, upon occasion, uplifted.

But if you want to rise from the ranks, step out, and be Somebody, you'll have to get you a Self-Starter.

For only the Self-Starting folks arrive at the grand show on time to get an aisle seat up in front.

I notice from your conversation that you lay a good deal of stress on Luck and Acquaintance and Having a Pull and all that sort of thing.

I'm not denying these are good things. They help a fellow get along. But the trouble is they are of value only to the man that can get along without them.

Everybody helps him who helps himself,

nothing succeeds like success, and the only man everybody wants to lend money to is the Banker.

So, after all, there's nothing to it. Whatever you do, you must do it yourself—you must begin, anyway.

You study too much about how to succeed, you consult other people's opinions, you are long on referendum and short on initiative.

Nobody showed Marshall Field how to do business. Nobody was responsible for John D. Rockefeller's money except John D. Rockefeller himself. Nobody had to stand by and pat Admiral Dewey on the back and tell him to cheer up, when he went after the Spanish fleet at Manila. And nobody cranked up Mark Twain, or Lloyd George.

They had Self-Starters.

Go get you one!

QUAND MÊME!

SARAH BERNHARDT—the divine Sarah!

Some workers live long enough to reap the harvest of their achievement. To criticize them is absurd, to praise them is superfluous, no advertisement whether by friend or enemy can matter much. Time has underwritten them.

We go to see Bernhardt not as an entertainer, not as an actress, but as a miracle. We bring our state of mind with us; nothing she can do could alter it.

In her we witness the astounding cumulative power of a personality. All that she has been builds the pedestal upon which is elevated what she does. That is what we

mean when we say that there's nothing succeeds like success. We mean that all one's past energizes one's present; a man is not only what he is, but also what he has been. His power masses as he goes forward, increases like the rolling snowball.

So we look at Bernhardt with wonder. She is an undying flame. Some one has said there are five elements: earth, air, fire, water, and Sarah Bernhardt.

To all who adore the indomitable will—and who does not?—she is more than a human being, she is a symbol. She is like the motto on the red curtain of her show—"Quand meme!"

Over insuperable obstacles, through storms of scorn and volleys of ridicule, past slander, in spite of financial reverses, afflicted with bodily ills that might have daunted the boldest, she still sits upon her throne,

and though threescore and ten, with one leg amputated, she is able, at an age when any one else would be seeking rest, to sway to passion an audience that imperfectly understands her language, and to send out from her undaunted spirit those flames of feeling that "make brutes men and men divine."

She is utterly an artist. She is utterly French. When I saw her last she seemed France incarnate, France the eternal youth among the nations, France debonnaire and light of manner, yet with a purpose strong as destiny, France that knows her own high ideal, and, in the face of enemies, adverse fate, and all hell, cries out:

"Quand meme!"

It is a poor soul indeed that can come away from seeing Bernhardt and not be nerved to a more splendid courage.

She is a flag to all free spirits.

THE PRESSURE

ALWAYS the pressure is on us.

Like a low ceiling, it makes us forever stoop, often crawl, sometimes grovel.

Like an unseen power it hypnotizes us to go where we would not, to do what we hate, to say what we do not believe.

Like a magnet it draws us down, down with the innumerable feet that tread the broad way.

Like a formless fear it curtails our liberty, destroys our individuality, reduces us to the dead level of mediocrity.

Like a huge spiritual press it forces us into set, conventional, artificial shapes.

As by a wave, a heaving decuman, we are

swept on to corporate crimes, follies, cruelties, stupidities, of which as individuals we would not have dreamed.

What is this pressure?

It is that gray, shadowy mass we call "They." The ghost fingers of the many manipulate us in little things as in great affairs. "They" determine our clothing, our speech, our manners, our morality, our sins.

Scientifically we name this adumbration heredity and environment.

Against it the soul of each man is in unceasing struggle.

Most tragedies, from Æschylus to Ibsen, are descriptions of the desperate human unit striving hopelessly to free itself from this iron rim.

"They" poisoned Socrates, crucified Jesus, burnt Savonarola, persecuted Wagner.

It is this dull pressure, stolid, unintelligent, respectable, powerful, and brainless as the giants Fasolt and Fafner, that obstructs all reforms, resists the application of reason to art, to letters, to economics, to government, to the spiritual life of men.

Every ardent idealist impinges against it as against a wall of putty.

It blocks prison reform, perpetuates child labor, smites capital with blindness, and labor with folly, keeps us under the bondage of an absurd system of weights and measures, ridicules spelling reform, delivers city politics into the hands of the boss and his organization, impedes pure-food laws, makes big business seek to bribe, intimidate, and control judges and legislatures, hinders rational reform in education—and what not.

The pressure! Like a vise it grips the society woman; in her straining to keep up

with others she has no time for her own life.

In Europe the idealist, hating war, knowing it to be monstrous stupidity and waste, and an utterly inconclusive method of settling anything, is yet coerced to take his place in the ranks and try to kill the clerks and peasants of another country against whom he has no quarrel in the world.

The pressure! Once it made men burn heretics and witches. Now it makes them lynch negroes.

It seems sometimes to our fancy as if it were a vast, immeasurable spirit of death (*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, qui lumen adempium*) that

"doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST FEAR

THE campaign against Fear is the greatest movement of the race. Fear is not bred of ignorance. It is the child of half-knowledge. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." What we don't know at all we are not afraid of; as a sheep is happy, ignorant of the slaughter-house.

What we half-know scares us. Men used to be afraid of electricity, seeing it only in lightning; now they know it, and the motor-man whistles as he regulates the power of ten thunderstorms.

All along, humanity has been walking up to bugaboos and finding out they were absurd.

Strange! Men have thought fear helped morality! They tortured, imprisoned, killed, to cure criminals. They beat children. They burned heretics. Gradually they saw their folly. They are learning that crime is essentially fear, the fear of the consequences of doing right, and that you cannot put out fire with kerosene; that is, you cannot cure the fear of doing right by the fear of punishment.

The Romans built a temple to Fear. Fear has played a malign part in the history of religion. The most amazing creation of the human imagination is hell.

There are still those who are afraid to walk under a ladder, to carry a spade through the house, and to start on a journey on a Friday.

Business once was based on fear. Men thought the only way to get work done was

by slaves, and by keeping them frightened. The capitalist and laborer still appeal to fear. But little by little the futility of it all is appearing.

Employers and employed are learning to appeal to the free co-operation of each other.

When men half-knew gods they trembled at them. *Timor fecit deos*—"fear made the gods." The race today fears and dreads God less because we are nearer Him than in the past.

POISONING THE CHILD MIND

ONE of the recent discoveries in the art of healing is the therapeutic value of suggestion. That is to say, the physician, by suggesting to the patient, particularly the patient suffering from nervous disorder, sane and helpful thoughts about himself, can work a cure better oftentimes than by the use of drugs.

The force of mental suggestion is so great that many fads, and even new religions, have arisen which are based upon it.

If the influence of good suggestion be so great, the influence of bad suggestion is even greater.

I wish to call attention to one form of

character poisoning of which parents are frequently guilty.

Perhaps the worst misfortune that can happen a person is to be infested with germs of fear, to lack decision and self-confidence, to be a prey to the terrors of morbidity and doubt of self. Who can tell the mortal pain, shame, and self-torture of the innumerable victims of chronic fear?

Frequently parents are responsible for this. A boy, for instance, develops some inborn trait of waywardness; he is untruthful, will not apply himself, is careless, disobedient, or persists in keeping bad company; the parent naturally tells him of his fault, and, as it seems to do no good, drops into a constant practise of scolding. Over and over the boy is reminded that he is "bad," that he will never amount to anything, and so on. This finally filters in the

child's subconsciousness, and then the irretrievable damage; for when he comes to believe in his sub-mind that he is bad, he is bad.

Why not try to find the CAUSE of your child's defects and remove it? When you KNOW that blame and reproof do no good, why go on?

We do not realize that it is a CRIME to say to any child, under any circumstances, that he is bad, weak, or vicious. When you do that you are planting a seed of damage in his mind.

Many a woman has been wrecked because her life was poisoned when she was a child by unceasing mental suggestions from her mother that she was naughty, wicked, unreliable, or untruthful.

Many a man is a weak failure in the struggles of mature life simply because the cult of failure was carefully instilled into

his childish mind by his thoughtless parents.

Dwell upon and encourage the good that is in your child. Ignore his defects as far as possible. Learn how to shut your eyes. Above all, do not tell him he is wicked. Show him his faults, but never in public, but in sacred intimacy. Show him the consequences of wrongdoing; but enlist his aid in opposing his bad traits. Persistently suggest to him that he is good, brave, strong, and truthful. In after-life this belief of yours in him will tone up his self-respect and give him strength in his hours of crisis.

NOTHING'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

WHY do you say "It's too good to be true"?

Don't ever let me hear you say it again, or I will certainly stand you in the corner and make you wear the Dunce-Cap.

For to make such a remark shows you to be just a plain Gump.

There's nothing too good to be true.

Say that. Repeat it, just as you repeat the Apostles' Creed at Church. Keep on saying it morning, noon, and night, until its meaning comes back from the spoken words, and enters the mouth that uttered them, and gets into your system, and purifies your blood, and reorganizes your think-works,

and deoppilates your spleen, and causes you to be born again.

Rid yourself of that subtle superstition that afflicts many an otherwise intelligent person, that silly suspicion that Destiny, instead of being your friend, is a huge Dick Deadeye, waiting for you around the next corner with a sandbag.

Fate is your Friend. Don't you know that? She is as fond of you as your mother. She is not a sinister, lurking German, waiting to throw a bomb at you.

God is good. The Bible says that the Being who is overruling all things is a loving Father. And the Bible stands pretty high among the authorities on God.

Who told you He was an old Ogre? Are you a baby that has been listening to scary stories?

I am here to tell you that this is a wonder-

ful world, full of grand surprises and radiant adventure.

Set your face that way. Look for the happy events.

Somebody is likely to come along and hand you a million dollars, the girl you love will say Yes when you ask her, you are going to prosper in business, and you will meet a dark gentleman (see that Jack of Spades?) who will tell you something to your advantage.

How do I know?

I don't know.

But aren't you a deal happier when you listen to such talk than when you hear said that some one near and dear to you will lose an ear next week, or that a trusted friend is going to steal your dress-suit, or that the girl you love will elope with the ice-man?

It's all bunk, you say. Granted, but if

you're going a-bunking, for heaven's sake, deal in pleasant bunk.

Where did you get the notion that nothing is Truth but Tragedy?

As a matter of fact, the most utter frauds going are the Calamity-Howlers.

Let Fate bruise me, and Destiny punish me, and the Avengers club me; at least they will never have the satisfaction of knowing they frightened me.

Whatever happens I am going to believe that the Occult Powers are friendly.

Something good is going to happen tomorrow. Even if it doesn't, the belief in it has helped today.

I say All's Well and There's a Good Time Coming, and if I'm a Fool I'd rather be a Cheerful Fool than a Fool Dismal.

So come along, old man. Cheer up. For there's nothing too good to be true.

A SCHOOL FOR LIVING

WHAT is needed in the world is some sort of school or asylum or institution or correspondence course to teach people how to live.

More than anything else they need to know that. Yet states and school systems are telling them everything but that.

Single tax is grand and socialism is alluring, women's rights are needed, dress reform and simplified spelling, food-chewing, prohibition, and criminal laws are all right in their way; but still the "one thing needful" is to know how to live.

That is what's the matter with all of us who go wrong.

Only one kind of education is of first account for a bad boy; it is the kind that educates him to live. Geography and manual training will not cure him of his cussedness, nor will common fractions and United States history help him to be clean, brave, and kind.

Here are the subjects in which a public-school pupil ought to be drilled:

How to control my temper.

How to use my imagination so as to strengthen me instead of making me weak.

How to improve and toughen my will.

How to find pleasure in common things.

How to get joy out of nature.

How to curb my selfishness and develop my altruism.

How to play fair.

How to work so as to make work a pleasure.

How to be a good fellow without being a fool.

How to get stimulation out of simple food and water drink, and not alcohol.

How to control my sex instinct so as to make it conduce to my permanent happiness and not to disease, mental misery, and the wrecking of my career.

How to make friends and keep them.

How to handle enemies and those who wrong or offend me.

How to get along with relatives and all those persons with whom I come in contact.

How to value my own self-esteem more than the praise of others.

When a man commits a crime it is simply because he doesn't understand how to live. Why lock him up in a prison where he is forced down still lower in degradation? Why not have a "how-to-live" school and

send him there? And, indeed, why not send him to such a school in the first place, so that he will not become a criminal?

We even arrest a person for attempting to commit suicide, and lead him to jail, when all the trouble with him is that he doesn't know how to live, else he would not have wanted to quit.

Think of all the restless, worried, morbid, unhappy, complaining creatures who simply need a few primary lessons in the art of living.

They think they want money, or notoriety, or to travel, or get divorced, or to change their circumstances; but these things are not what they need; they need to know how to live.

And nobody tells them. Schools don't tell them, doctors don't tell them, judges and prison-keepers don't tell them.

Millions blunder along and make a mess of life because they have studied anything else under the sun except living.

Most people have philosophies of life, ideas on the subject of happiness, and dreams of success that are cheap, absurd, and idiotic.

I have met millionaires, successful business men, learned professors, gifted artists, and able preachers who have not the slightest notion of how to be happy.

Yet I shall not start a school of this kind, for the simple reason that those who most need to learn how to live are the first to resent the suggestion that they need it.

Humility is the only door by which wisdom and greatness and peace can enter, and it is usually barred and bolted by pride and egotism.

WHAT IS BERGSONISM?

JUST now the most powerful spiritual force among intelligent people is Bergsonism. What is it?

Henri Bergson is a professor of philosophy in Paris. Crowds attend his lectures; young men are enthusiastic over his ideas; scientists see in him a new leader; women find in him a new religion.

However, he himself is a plain, sane man. He has no system. To him Bergsonism is absurd. He says nothing of God, of the soul, of morals. But for all that he has done more than any one man to redeem the twentieth century from the nightmare of pessimism.

In a nutshell Bergsonism, if I may use the word, is an emphasis upon the instincts of men. The world has been cursed with a rule of reason; philosophy after philosophy has arisen, each rigidly argued out, and the end of all of them has been ashes in the mouth.

Henri Bergson leads the sick soul of the world back to its primal feelings. Intelligence is merely a critical and practical faculty. The race progresses, creates, moves, and loves by its instincts. This is but a hint of the gist of Bergson.

I am a Bergsonite. I was one before I ever heard of him. I can hardly think, without tears, of the immense debt we owe to this man who has saved the thinking world a dozen ways.

His "Essay on the Immediate Gifts of the Consciousness" demonstrates we are free,

that our actions are original and bear the seal of our personality. In a second work, "Matter and Memory," he gives a new solution to the world-old problem of the relation of spirit and body. In "Creative Evolution," his greatest work, he establishes a new theory of the development of life. Bergson removes the terrible lassitude from modern thought, by addressing himself to the secret depths of the consciousness, and drawing us away from the abuse of reasoning.

He declares man to be the crown of creation, that we are freed from iron necessity, that we continually leave the impress of our personality upon nature, and that we are capable of "throwing down all things that resist, and of overcoming all obstacles, perhaps even death itself." Bergson is the greatest ally of faith, of the spirit, because he is not an ally, but disinterested.

He brings powerful and timely aid to the work of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Emerson, the work of emphasizing the importance of Me, against all matter, force, logic and institutions.

He is a godsend to all of us who hate the Philistines.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM

"WHY is it," asks a correspondent, "that you are always talking of Democracy, and while you praise Socialism often, yet you insist that you are not a Socialist? Is not Socialism pure Democracy? Why don't you come out flat for Socialism?"

Because Socialism is European. It is the best Europe can do. In America we have something better—Democracy.

Socialism is an Ism, or theory. Democracy is a Cracy, or a power.

Socialism is a scheme; Democracy is a growth.

Socialism is artificial; Democracy is natural.

Socialism is a dream of men; Democracy is the outworking of destiny.

Socialism appeals to the class spirit; Democracy loathes it.

Socialism is an air plant, a fungus growth subsisting upon the branches of the future; Democracy has its roots in the past.

Socialism proclaims revolution; Democracy evolution.

Both revolt at injustice and herald the era of equality, but the one is to be by the will of men, the other by getting into line with the deep purpose of that power in whose mind is the great universal plan.

Democracy is something being wrought out now in the workshop of actual conditions, it is a "word" being "made flesh" by infinite pains, a lesson which a nation is laboring good-naturedly to learn by practise. Democracy means patient readjustment of

things as they are, in order to get things as they ought to be. Socialism is fiercely impatient for fruit, with a contemptuous disregard of tree and soil.

Democracy is the determined effort of the New World; Socialism is the petulant gesture of the Old.

Socialism is represented by the wish of Omar to "grasp this sorry scheme of things entire" and "remould it nearer to the heart's desire." Democracy is expressed in the lines of Tennyson:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Socialism is a phase of Democracy, one of the effects of the spirit of Democracy working in men's minds.

Hence we are in favor of whatever there

is in Socialism that helps along Democracy, but do not join the party because it carries a lot of European by-products for which Democracy in the United States does not care.

With a noble persistence Democracy applies itself to the complex and baffling task of making things better without smashing those things our fathers got from an untoward world and bequeathed to us.

America is committed to no well-tinkered scheme, to no Utopian plan, that leaves the instincts of human nature and the practicalities of our present immaturity out of mind, but throughout her history have

"Statesmen at her council met
Who know the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

THE MASTER'S HAND

"PICTURES and Other Passages From Henry James" is a slim volume of selections from the writings of Henry James.

Henry James has the reputation of being very hard to read, very obscure, and very high-brow.

He is. But it all depends on what you want. If it's a story read Conan Doyle. If it's fun read Mark Twain. If it's preaching read F. W. Robertson. If it's facts go to the encyclopedia.

But if you enjoy the witchery of sheer words, if you love a literary style as exquisite as Benvenuto's style in metal, and above

all if you are a young writer and want to study one whose writings are the top of ingenious perfection, give hours of slow Fletcherizing to Henry James.

The little book before us ought to be every aspiring author's bedside book, to be picked up now and then, and to be read slowly as a child hunts and eats strawberries from a patch, and re-read meditatively as a cow ruminates.

Just to show you the master's hand I will set down here a few of his subtle word combinations. Do you know anywhere in literature you can overmatch them?

"The air was like a clap of hands——."

"There was a household quietness in her step and gestures."

"There was something in his quick, brown eye that showed you he was not economizing consciousness."

New York, "the youngest, and easiest, and most good-humored of capitals."

"A countenance almost chemically clean and dry."

A graveyard where "the very headstones themselves seemed to sleep, as they slanted into the grass."

"Everything in France is a picture—even things that are ugly."

"Her high-held, much-rubbed hands seemed always assenting exuberantly to something unsaid."

The villa "stood on the summit of an olive-muffled hill."

"A large, bright, dull, murmurous, mild-eyed, middle-aged dinner."

"Across the level of a meadow a footpath wandered like a streak drawn by a finger over the surface of a stuff."

"Her spell sprang not from her beauty.

She exercised the magnificent power of making her lover forget her face."

"Having hustled all sensibility out of their lives, they invented the fiction that they felt too much to utter."

"So frank yet so mysterious! Observing her he seemed to see the vague circle which sometimes accompanies the partly filled disk of the moon."

"In her, fate had found an adversary and not a victim."

"The extraordinary fineness of her flexible waist, the stem of an expanded flower."

"Though she was not tall, she appeared to spring up."

"Her thin-lipped smile, as prompt to act as the scrape of a safety-match."

"A witty expression that shone like a lamp through the ground-glass of her good breeding."

"She was as undomestic as a shop-front."

"There was something public in her eye, which was large, cold, and quiet."

"A robust, unmodulated person."

"She felt in italics and thought in capitals."

"He would have been ugly, had he not been happy."

"He had fatally stamped himself as a man who could be interrupted with impunity."

"Thin lips, curving like scorched paper."

All of which illustrates what I mean when I say, if you would be a word-smith, and aspire to excellence, give your days and nights to Henry James.

YOUR COMPETITOR

YOUR competitor is not necessarily your enemy. He can be your friend.

A common mistake is that there is just so much business to be had, and that the rival cuts your trade in half.

That is not true. As a rule the more tradesmen the more trade. A good, lively competitor will increase your custom.

Two first-class groceries in a block are better for both than a monopoly would be for either.

The place for a young lawyer to hang out his shingle is not a town where there are no lawyers, but a town where there are many, and good ones.

"Where the carrion is, there the eagles

are gathered together." And where no eagles hover there is slim picking.

If you are a young graduate from a medical school, don't go to some forsaken neighborhood where there are no doctors; go where physicians flourish.

Competition does not kill trade. It builds trade, makes new trade, stimulates trade.

No one can get all the business possible in any community. His personality attracts some, repels others. There's always a lot of business for somebody else.

Don't shy from your competitor. Don't assume he's your foe. Get acquainted with him. You may learn something.

Don't knock your competitor. Don't encourage busybodies who bring you tales of him. Be a good sport. Play the game. Keep good-natured.

Beat your competitor if you can, but remember the surest way to beat him is to sell better goods, to use fairer methods, and to be more courteous.

Don't play the cut-price game with him. Keep your margin of profit fair. Cutting prices is cutting the throat of success.

If your competitor lies about you, or uses underhand means to harm you, never mind. You go on and be on the level and look pleasant. You can't fool the people all the time. Straight business wins out in the long run.

There's business enough for you both. Go after it.

Your competitor will do you a deal of good. He will make you energetic, careful, more attentive to affairs, and altogether he will bring money to your pocket if you use him right.

THINGS TO THINK ON TO CURE THE BLUES

HERE is a list of things for you to think on when you get the blues. They are but creature comforts, to be sure, but creature comforts have a certain pagan, non-moral power to soothe the soul, a peculiar power which neither religion nor philosophy possesses. Think then, when the universe is all tangled, and you are aweary of the world, and life's problems are too much for you, and the isness of the is seems overshadowed by the wasness of the might-be—think on these things:

A chimney that draws well.

A lamp that does not smoke.

Real cream.

Sweet, perfect butter.

A fat book, containing a bully story, that will last a week.

A good bed waiting for you with open arms when you are sleepy and tired.

A spring of pure water.

A wood, in summer, with long grass, and a brook.

A new friend, who has never heard any of your jokes.

A woman whose face lights up when she sees you.

A man (if you're a woman) who likes you and is afraid of you.

Miraculously finding a twenty-dollar gold piece every time you put your hand in your pocket.

Owning a slave, your very own.

Shoes that don't hurt.

The power to enjoy all these things and not be ashamed of yourself.

THE GREAT SOUL

NOT every one will profess that he wants to be good, but all admit they would like to be great.

And greatness, although a secret matter, is yet well known; it has had its masters, examples, and teachers, and whosoever will may attain unto it.

Herein lie the secrets of being great.

The great soul has its resources within itself; the small soul looks to outside things and other people.

The great soul asks, "What is true?" The small soul, "What is expedient?"

The great soul is radical, he seeks for causes; the small soul is superficial, he sees only symptoms.

The great soul is of hospitable mind; the small soul clings to prejudices.

The great soul cares only that he be sincere; the small soul that he produce a desired effect.

The great soul is honest with himself; the small soul is satisfied with honesty toward others.

The great soul can concentrate; the small is dissipated.

The great soul dominates his environment; the small soul is dominated by it.

The great soul has decision; the small soul constantly hesitates.

The great soul has poise; the small soul is ever unbalanced.

The great soul has principles; the small soul policies.

The great soul learns the general laws that run through the universe, and trusts them

even against appearances; the small soul sees only the present profit and loss and hence is confused and can neither believe nor understand.

The great soul is above worry; the small soul is burdened by it.

The great soul has no fear; the small soul is harassed by fears continually.

The great soul lives easily—that is, with dignity and calmness of mind; the small soul is readily upset.

The great soul speaks concisely and his yea is yea; the small soul wrangles.

The great soul first makes sure he is right and is then firm; the small soul is first firm and then casts about for reasons for being so.

The great soul is sincerely humble; the small soul is vain.

The great soul is appreciative of all; the

small soul is flattering toward those from whom he seeks some favor, negligent or insolent toward those who cannot contribute to his advancement.

The great soul is temperate in all things; the small soul intemperate in his beliefs, his opinions, and his tastes.

The great soul has the atmosphere of charity, is tolerant toward all and helpful in the very character of his life; the small soul is satisfied with acts of charity.

What impresses you in the great soul is his reserve power; in the small soul the performance or the word seems greater than the man.

Says the Chinese Li Ki, "The services of Hau Ki were the most meritorious of all under heaven. But all he longed for was that his actions should be better than the fame of them."

THE PART OF ME THAT DOUBTS

WHATEVER a man's creed, there's a good deal of him that does not believe it. Whatever a man's crime, there was some of him that protested. Whatever a man's goodness, it is flecked on the underside with ugly spots. Let us deal reverently with one another, and with awe; we are all so complex. It should not be so hard to believe in God, for man himself is scarcely less wonderful.

The universe is just as great and amazing inside of me as outside. Immanuel Kant marveled when he looked into his own heart, as when he looked up at the sky. So the stars over me are no less sublime than my soul

which mirrors them; thunder and lightning among the clouds are matched by storms of passion within me as terrible as they; my memory is a greater thing than the British Museum, for it is a living museum; my will is greater than gravitation or electricity or gunpowder, for it can use them, and they cannot budge it; my imagination is more wondrous than the Vatican gallery, for its pictures come and go with instant swiftness, and my conscience is as mysterious and as majestic as the substance of God Himself.

Let a man reverence himself. Then he is not far from believing in God.

FUNDAMENTALS IN DEMOCRACY

THESE are axioms of democracy. Think on these things.

1. The whole people is wiser than any group or man in it. Its judgment is sounder, surer. As Lincoln put it, "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

2. Democracy is not a scheme of voting, a plan for securing rulers; it is a spirit.

3. Remember what Mazzini said, that some day a man would arise to whom democracy would be a religion. He would be the Great Man. (I quote from memory, and may be inexact.)

4. Democracy is run for the benefit of

the people in it; Autocracy for the benefit of the people upon it.

5. Autocracy is most concerned about Efficiency; Democracy about Welfare. Autocracy is eager to build the house; Democracy, that the builders be happy.

6. Autocracy is a White Passion; Democracy a Red Passion.

7. Autocracy thinks of the State; Democracy of the People that compose the State.

8. Autocracy is abstract; Democracy concrete. The former exalts impersonal aims; the latter aims constantly at men.

9. Autocracy produces Order; Democracy Initiative. Democracy Invents; Autocracy Applies.

10. Autocracy's Efficiency is quick, specious, and temporary; Democracy's Efficiency is cumulative; every success means another.

11. Democracy is Natural; Autocracy is Artificial.

12. Democracy is its own remedy. The cure for the ills of Democracy is more Democracy. It carries within itself its own recuperation. Autocracy prepares its own ruin.

13. Democracy has in it the seed of Evolution; Autocracy has in it the seed of Revolution.

14. The Strength of Democracy is Education; the Strength of Autocracy is Obedience.

15. The God of Democracy is the same God the individual has; the God of Autocracy has a different moral code from that of the individual. The Kaiser's God, for instance, approved of the rape of Belgium and the sinking of the "Lusitania."

16. The method of Democracy is Light;

of Autocracy Darkness. Democracy created the Free Press; Autocracy the Censor.

17. It is complained of Democracy that it debates too much, but only by free debate can the Right be winnowed out.

18. Democracy "washes its dirty linen in public." True, but it gets it clean.

19. Democracy is Dangerous. And there is no Progress without Danger.

20. Democracy is called Vulgar, Common, Cheap. The real truth is that Autocracy is more so, only its defects are concealed and fester, while Democracy's are open and are healed.

21. Democracy is capable of a more perfect Organization and Unity than Autocracy.

22. Autocracy is built upon Caste; Democracy upon Humanity.

23. "The Parliament of Man, the Feder-

ation of the World," is only possible in a world of democratic nations. So long as there are Kings, Emperors, and Dynasties there can be no World Unity.

24. Militarism is a function of Autocracy, Democracy functions in Law.

25. Art, Science, and Literature will do better under Democracy than under any protection and patronage they may get from Autocracy, just as plants and people grow better in the air and sunshine than in a closed room.

EXPERIENCE VERSUS RESULTS

IN this life it doesn't make so much difference what you have to go through as where you get to. It is not the experience that matters so much as its results upon your character.

Keep your eye on results. If you have had troubles, what matters it, provided they have brought you a proper harvest of wisdom, strength, and purification?

Our life is a business proposition. We are here to gain what we can, to lay up stores of love and knowledge, and to develop insight, skill, and virtuosity of soul.

We are here to become experts in love, professionals in weighing and judging hu-

man values, masters of self and of circumstances.

So long as we gain this end why worry about the road that leads us to it?

Come sorrow, come joy, come success or failure, they are all grist to our mill. We will transform all of them into character. Everything that befalls us shall help to perfect our manhood.

THE TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

LISTEN, young man! The cleverest man in the world is the man that tells the truth, and tells it all the time, not occasionally.

Sometimes you can profit by a lie, but it is like dodging bullets; you never know when you are going to get hurt.

Lying is a game. Sometimes it is a very exciting game. But it is essentially gambling. And gambling, any sort of gambling, is not business.

The fundamental laws of business are just as accurate and as well established as the principles of geometry.

It is hard to see this, for our visual range is limited. Most of us can see the crooked

dollar coming today, but not the ten straight dollars it is going to lose us tomorrow.

Real business success is cumulative. It grows like a snowball. And the one thing that makes it keep us growing, even while we sleep, is our persistent truthfulness and dependableness.

If you put an advertisement in the paper announcing goods worth five dollars for sale at two dollars, and if the people come and buy, and find out the stuff is not worth ten cents, you may make a one day's gain, but you have alienated a lot of indignant customers and have started to saw away the posts that sustain your reputation.

If you have a store rented for a week only and purpose to conduct a sacrifice sale of goods that will make everybody disgusted who buys them, then perhaps you may lie with a high hand and a stretched-out arm.

But if you are in the town to stay, and want regular, returning, increasing, satisfied, and friendly customers, it will pay you to stick to the old-fashioned truth.

Exaggeration is lying. It does not take long for the people in the community to get the habit of discounting twenty-five per cent. of all you say.

If you continually overstate and vociferate you must keep on getting louder, until you soon become incoherent.

But if you habitually state only what is soberly, honestly true, by and by everything you say will be away above par.

A man's repute for truthfulness is as much a part of his capital as are his store and stock; so much so that he can raise money on it.

As civilization progresses, business becomes more and more an affair of credit, of

trust. The very foundation of big business is trustworthiness. Therefore, if you are ever going to get beyond the peanut-stand and push-cart stage of merchandise you must establish a basis of dependableness.

There is not one thing in this world, young man, that can be of as much value to you as building up a reputation such that men will say, "your word is as good as your bond."

It is well to be clever and keen and Johnny-on-the-spot, it is well to look out for number one and to know a good bargain, but best of all is to have the world say of you:

"Whatever that man says can absolutely be relied upon."

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY'S WORK

PERHAPS we might get along better if we remembered that it is all in a day's work.

There's a lot to be done, but we don't have to do it all today.

And the higher the task, and the more difficult, delicate, and important the matter, the more necessary it is to attack in the spirit of a day's work at a time.

To learn to play the piano, or to read French, or to overcome a bad habit, or to write shorthand, or to achieve poise, and patience, or to be good—nobody can come at such accomplishments at once.

It is little by little, the steady forcing of

the will upon one's stubborn desire, mind, or fingers, whether we feel like it or not, just as a day's work, it is so we crawl up the steep hill of perfection.

The will to do is important, and the ambition to do is necessary, and hard work counts; but one essential to any excellence, whether in craftsmanship or character, is time.

Somehow or other the past endues us. There's no such thing as a fresh start. Every new start carries with it something of those we made before. Every effort silts something into our nerves or muscles or brain cells so that they are different next time.

The power of the thirtieth day is the result of the invisible dividends of the twenty-nine preceding days' work.

Somebody asked Susanne Wesley, John's mother, why she told her children the same

thing over and over twenty times. "Because nineteen is not enough," she answered.

In that greatest of earthly businesses, mothering, it is the spirit of the day's work that helps. To carry on so complicated and vital affair as the training of children there is needed above all that self-possession which comes only when we conceive of our work as lasting but one day. And it is when we look forward too much and keep expecting results that time alone can give, that we fall into the petulance or fretfulness that destroys the quality of our guidance.

The clock has millions of tick-tocks to make, but it has a moment in which to do each one of them. The sun rises regularly to his duty, and sets at night satisfied with what increment of growth his day's work has supplied to living things.

And we—we need never expect to arrive

—our business is not to arrive, it is to travel, to cover each day our allotted span, leaving all questions of ends and values and rewards to that Mind that thinks in centuries and weaves men and the labors of men into its vast fabric.

Our plan is on the trestle-board, our lines are known for this day's duties, let us do what is marked out for us; it is for us in this world to live "by the day," and not "by the job."

ONE WORD

ALMOST every seat in the street car was taken. Men sat with their noses glued to the newspaper. Women looked boredly out of the window at the cold rain dripping down into the muddy street.

The morning was dull. The car moved irritatingly slow. Drabness and grayness everywhere. Everybody looked to be in an excellent state of preparedness to bite everybody else upon the least provocation.

The car stopped at a corner. A man clambered on with difficulty. He was partly drunk. He had hard work unbuttoning his overcoat and fetching a nickel from his trousers pocket.

The conductor snapped at him to hurry

up. The man retorted angrily. They had some unpleasant words, not all of them printable.

The man lurched forward to go through the door. He was negotiating his entrance into the car with some pains when some one said one word to him.

It was a little boy, about six years of age. He was nicely bundled up in an overcoat and wore a red tam-o'-shanter cap. His little plump legs were sturdily planted apart as he stood in the centre of the aisle. His face was shining, his eyes sparkled, his ruddy cheeks like ripe red apples. He looked up at the man and said:

"Hello!"

But what he put into that one word! How much good-fellowship, and suppressed fun, and rollicking play, and comradeship, and clear, beautiful, human feeling.

The man stopped, looked down at the small mite before him, and quickly a change passed over his features. The brute fled, a spirit came. His ugliness dropped from him as a garment. His eyes softened. He smiled. He leaned back against the door jamb and said, and his voice was full of the tenderest fatherhood:

"Hello yourself, you God-blessed, beautiful angel child!"

The child laughed. And the conductor laughed. Men looked up and smiled. Every woman awoke to vivid interest and wanted to hug the child.

The car started. The man found a seat. The little boy went back and stood by his mother.

The car rolled on. But its load of humanity was transformed. Something divine had swept every soul in it clean of its dol-

drums. Little songs started up in hearts, like crocuses pierce the snow in early spring. Gentle thoughts hovered about that company as swallows fly about the eaves at sunset.

Everybody had been converted and became as a little child and saw the kingdom.

All day long that one word echoed in a thousand avenues, and sounded on and on like a silver bell, and even its most distant waves brought peace on earth and good-will to men.

Such a work was wrought by one word of utter brotherhood.

And there came to my mind the phrase of John Masefield, the last words in his "Good Friday":

"Oh, beauty, touch me, make me wise!"

HIDDEN HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS is rarely visible to the multitude, says a shrewd observer; it lies hidden in odd corners and quiet places.

Happiness is a shy thing. Grief is blatant and advertising. If a boy cuts his finger he howls, proclaiming his woe. If he is eating pie he sits still and says nothing.

If you ask a man how he is, he searches himself to find a pain to report. If he has nothing but happiness he hates to mention it, and says, "Oh, not half bad."

We conceal happiness, as a vice.

We are rather suspicious of it, and if we feel particularly well, or have exceptional good luck, we knock on wood.

The fact is that happiness does not come

from the big events of life, but is made up of innumerable little things.

Ordinary every-day happiness is composed of shoes that fit, stomach that digests, purse that does not flatten, a little appreciation, and a bit of this, that, and the other, too trifling to mention.

The big things, such as some one giving you a million dollars, are not only rare, but they do not satisfy when you have the neuritis.

We are so cantankerous by nature that we are usually able to spell happiness only by holding it before the mirror and reading backwards. Leonardo da Vinci used to write that way; that may be why he could paint "The Joyous One" with so enigmatical a smile.

For if you seek to analyze contentment you go at it negatively. To feel well means

you do not have head-ache, tooth-ache nor toe-ache, you have no dyspepsia, catarrh, gout, sciatica, hives, nausea, boils, cancer, grippe, rhinitis, iritis, appendicitis, nor any other itis. And to determine your joy you must reckon by checking off and eliminating the factors of possible pain. Answer—happy, if no pain discoverable. So elusive is joy!

Some day try reversing this process. Note all the pleasurable things. For instance, a good sleep, a delightful snooze in bed after you ought to get up, a delicious bath, the invigorating caress of cold water, a good breakfast, with somebody you love visible across the coffee-cups, a half-hour's diversion with the newspaper, the flash of nature's loveliness outdoors as you go to work, interesting faces on the street car, pleasures of your business, pleasant relations with your

fellow-workers, meeting old friends and new faces, the good story some one tells you, and so on—you'll fill your note-book—and you can get your disappointments and grievances into three lines.

Happiness, they say, is scant in this wicked world and hard to find.

One way to find it is to look for it.

THE REAL ARISTOCRAT

THE idea of an aristocracy, or a superior class, has always been in the world's mind. Nobles, or high-born ones, or some sort of upper four hundred—every nation in history has had them.

The Jews had their Levites, the Japanese their Samurai, the Romans their Patricians. The caste system in one form or another exists today in every European country. Even our U. S. A. democracy has its plutocrats, every city its smart set, and every hamlet its upper-crusters.

When there is so much smoke there must be some fire. There is a superior order of beings. The trouble is that those we call supe-

rior are—only so called; they are really common as mud, most of them.

For it is not money that makes one really superior, nor birth, nor culture, nor genius, nor intellect, nor place—one may be quite vulgar and have any of these advantages.

To know the real aristocrat watch for these ten marks:

1. SIMPLICITY. The aristocratic soul loves simple pleasures, not because he cannot have the complex ones, but because greatness naturally chooses simplicity. These things indicate a vulgar nature, to wit: Expensive, highly seasoned, and elaborate foods, costly or showy clothes, the wearing or owning of much jewelry, fondness of perfumes, a taste for luxury and display. The curse of great wealth is not that it is a sin, but that it usually vulgarizes one's nature.

2. SERVICE. The inborn leaning of a

high soul is toward serving, of a cheap soul toward being served. The moral strength of the race is in them that work; the ills of humanity flow from its idle class. If there were no idlers there would be no war, no poverty, and no privilege.

3. CHARACTER. A great soul exercises his influence over his fellows by what he is, not by what he has, nor by the position he holds.

4. The true aristocrat is ABOVE HIS PLEASURES. He enjoys things, but he can quit any minute. The hosts of the petty-souled are driven by their desires.

5. The great soul has NO BITTERNESS. Pessimism is a fever of the small-minded. It is due not only to lack of vision, but to an inherent inability to appreciate the dominant force of goodness. Self-pity, self-depreciation, despair—these, too, are traits

of commonness. The genuinely high-born nature cannot slump into them.

6. The true aristocrat can be told by the way he acts toward his superiors and inferiors. In the organization of society every one finds some above him in station and some below. The elect soul knows how to conduct himself toward his superiors so as to preserve his own self-respect, and toward his inferiors so as not to break down theirs.

7. The gentleman is CLEAN-MINDED. Dirt does not stick to him. His soul cleanses itself like a cat. So it was said of Lincoln, "His heart was as broad as the world, yet it had no room in it for the memory of a wrong." The great-souled cannot retain a grudge, nor remember a slander, nor take a vicious or unclean hint.

8. TRUTH. The real great ones never want to be appreciated at more than they are

worth. They do not show off. They want to be known for exactly their actual value—or less. The little ones want to "make a good showing."

9. The high-minded do not MEDDLE. They do not want to know other people's concerns. They are reluctant to improve, reform, or regulate their neighbors. But they are courteous, thoughtful, and ready with help when help is sought.

10. Finally, the exceptional folk are they with whom FAMILIARITY DOES NOT BREED CONTEMPT. The better you know them the more you value them.

How many such spiritual aristocrats do you know? How many of these marks do you find in yourself?

NO GREATNESS WITHOUT TEACHABLENESS

ABOUT the most hopeful element in any human being's character I should reckon to be Teachableness. Whenever you meet a man who knows, and knows he knows, and wards off any proof of reasoning of yours with the impenetrable shield of a superior smile or the dull hostility of a determined eye, you feel that between you and him there can be no real dealings.

A lot of so-called firm faith is merely fixed and rocky egotism. Many a man thinks he has principles when he has nothing but what was a slushy Portland cement of ignorance now hardened into rigid prejudice.

The wisest minds I find are the most

teachable. The wider one's experience, the more thorough his study, the braver his heart, and the stronger his intelligence, the more willing he is to hear what you or any man may have to offer.

Stubbornness is usually the instinctive self-defense of conscious weakness. When one can do nothing else to show his strength he imitates the mule, the most despised of animals, sets his feet, lays back his ears, and won't budge.

Of all creatures deliver us from the man or woman to whom you cannot tell anything!

Spinoza's maxim was that the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit.

LITTLES

WHAT people think of you usually depends on little things, but what people think of you is no little thing.

Hence, son, incline your ear unto me, and I will give you some intimate hints; they are littles, but you would do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them.

As to clothes, wear just what is expected of one in your circumstances. The height of good dressing is not to be noticed. Whatever tends to attract attention is on the way to vulgarity.

Cultivate cleanliness. Keep your clothing clean, your skin clean, your nails clean, your teeth clean.

Avoid marked perfumes. The best per-

fume in the world is the kind that suggests soap; the worst, the kind that suggests you forgot the soap. And eschew jewelry.

Choose your crowd. Don't go with those who spend more than you can afford, drink what you don't want to drink, or talk the way you don't like. Don't criticize. Just drop out.

Don't be officious. Don't qualify in the popular art of minding other people's business. Don't regulate.

Be gentle. The stronger the gentler. The more power you have, use it the more carefully.

Don't bluff. If you are going to hit a man, hit him and have done with it.

Don't hold a grudge. If the man is mean, it's too great a compliment to him to waste time and vitality hating him.

Train your voice. Speak low. When you

see you are losing your temper, if you drop your voice about a third you will find you will regain command of yourself. Don't mumble. Pronounce the consonants. Finish your sentences.

Don't argue. Discuss. The difference is, that in argument you are trying to outdo the other fellow; in discussion you are trying to get at the truth.

Be courteous. Practise at home. Get up when your wife enters the room. Be polite to your baby. Then it will come easier when you want to show off. Learn how to converse. One way is to be interested in what the other person is saying, instead of thinking, all the time he is talking, of what you are going to say when he is done.

Don't talk about yourself. Don't talk of your disease, your family, your babies, your servants, your troubles, your successes. Lis-

ten to Jones talk of his. That will make a hit with Jones. And what do you care?

Don't interrupt. Wait till the other person runs down before you begin to speak.

In general discussion be the last to speak. Then you can utter the veriest platitude and it will sound grand.

The easiest way to get a reputation for being deep is to keep still. "Even a fool is counted wise when he holdeth his peace," said Solomon.

Break yourself of any unpleasant mannerisms, such as twisting your mouth, toying with your mustache, working with your eyebrows, twirling your thumbs, posing or squirming or drumming with your fingers.

All these things obstruct and belie your personality. And the art of pleasing consists in perfectly expressing yourself, simply, naturally, and with ease.

I DON'T KNOW

CERTAIN plants never grow except in certain soils, edelweiss in the Alps, bananas in the tropics, and cacti in the sands of the desert. Wherever you find the plant called Humility in the human garden you will always discover real wisdom in the brain-soil that produces it.

The habit of positivity has the true flavor of ignorance, for if one is always certain he is usually wrong. Humbugs, impostors, frauds, and sciolists never hesitate; but when you talk to a man of genuine learning, mature experience, and thorough culture, such a man as Mark Hopkins or President Eliot, the thing that strikes you most in him is his

almost childlike modesty. When once you have learned that it is as sure a sign of wisdom to say you do not know as to say you do know, when you have learned that it is pretense and not ignorance that is shameful, when you want to be esteemed for nothing except what you really are, and to hate nothing so much as to be praised for what you are not, then you can be at ease in any company, everybody from servant to savant will enjoy you, and, as was said of Robert Burns, you will be equally at home in the society of farm laborers and the polite world.

Genuineness and Modesty are the Keys of Friendship.

GRAYSON

I AM one of the lovers of David Grayson and his writings. They are a new and needed and refreshing note in literature, and the fact that a popular monthly apparently believes that it is not ruining its circulation by publishing this wholesome stuff, along with the usual sex, adventure, and celebrity material that is supposed to lure the dimes from news-stand patrons, demonstrates that there is still a remnant of the elect among us.

Grayson's value is that he has stopped to look at life. He is not going anywhere. He is just taking a walk. There is no burning fever of "getting on" in him. It is the journey that is worth while to him, it is of little

matter at what inn or farmhouse the day's end shall find him.

Thus he rediscovers for us, what every wise man has discovered, that life is good in the living of it, and not only for some reward at the close of it.

He comes upon this secret as we all come upon it, by just standing still a bit and looking. He opens the gates of his soul and the beauties of this world troop in.

Look long and wholeheartedly at any of nature's creatures, a tree or cloud, a meadow in the rain or an upland white-swathed in snow; listen patiently and with childlike openness of heart to any of nature's sounds, the moving of the wind among the pines, or the call of birds from the hedge, or the babbling of water; study the elusive odors, not only of strongly perfumed flowers, but of such fugacious scents as that thrown off by

sawn wood, or rain on a dusty road, or autumn leaves, or the fresh greening of spring, or grapes, or hay, or a salt marsh; try to fix and remember what you perceive, let yourself appreciate to the full the subtle messages that nature sends you, and you will find what Grayson says is true, that "this world we live in so dumbly, so carelessly, would be more glorious than the tinsel heaven of poets, if only we knew how to lay hold upon it."

This is the art of living, the finest of the fine arts. For art, freeing itself from the intemperance of moral purpose, "goes away from God to find God," finds Him best and most truly in the love of His handiwork. The richest lives are those that get as many pulsations as possible into the brief interval between birth and death.

The desire of beauty is the highest wis-

dom. And the desire of beauty is that much misunderstood thing we call art. Art does not mean only paintings and statues and stuffy collections; it means the laying out of the soul upon beauty, the hunger and thirst after beauty—and blessed are they that have it, for they shall be filled.

"Art," says a great critic, "comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

TEN SUCCESS HUNCHES

A VERY human letter lies before me. "I read your editorials daily," says the writer, a young man, "and have been especially interested in those that touch upon ambition and opportunity.

"Now I would like you to answer me just one question. What is a young man to do when he reaches the age of twenty-one with no special training? He has lots of ambition, besides ability to work, but he finds that this talk about courage and will-power is nothing but rot. For wherever he seeks an opportunity to start from the bottom no one pays attention. The very men who preach opportunity and rising to high posi-

tion in life by hard work refuse to make a place for him. They tell you about using your brains, but at the same time they don't give you a chance to use them.

"Can you explain how in the world there is any opportunity in such a case?"

Well, in the first place, living all those years until twenty-one without training is a crime. But perhaps it was not your fault. If you ever have children, however, see that you do not wrong them as your parents and the state, and possibly yourself, wronged you.

Still, at twenty-one you have the world before you. Perhaps these hints may help you:

1. Don't be impatient. It's a life job you're tackling. Set your jaw. Plan for years, not for tomorrow only.

2. Remember that your real success takes

place inside of your mind. It's not facts, nor others' acts, nor events, that matter. Nothing matters in the long run but the temper of your spirit. Keep thinking success; and the more you are rebuffed the harder you must think it.

3. You seem sorry for yourself. That looks bad. Flee thoughts of self-pity as you would the devil. Are you alive and kicking, and have you a clear head and two good hands, and are you out of jail? If so, you're in luck.

4. Study. I'll venture to say you waste enough spare time in four years to make a doctor's degree. Find out what you want to do. Say it's engineering. Take up a course of study in that direction.

5. Do well what you can find to do. Do it with all your skill and enthusiasm. Do it better than any one else can do it. Do it—

and keep your eye open for something better. Be efficient. Every factory, store, and farm in the world is hungry for the man who can do the business and not make excuses.

"Creation's cry goes up
From age to cheated age;
Give us the men who do the work
For which they get the wage."

6. Don't fret. Don't worry. Have faith. Believe in yourself. Believe in the world. Believe in the Eternal Justice. If you do, the stars will fight for you. And if you don't believe, if you complain and get it into your head that this world is down on you, why, it will come down on you and smash you, and you'll get what you believed in. Everybody does.

7. Be persistent. Fortune's a fickle jade. If she does not say yes the first five times

you ask her, ask her twenty-five times. After a while she will favor you, for she loves importunity.

8. Get the luck idea out of your head. There is such a thing as luck. But that is not what you are looking for. What you want is success. And there's no luck about that. It's just as certain as the corn crop to those who know how to raise it.

9. Don't expect anything of anybody but yourself.

10. And keep cheerful. It's all in a lifetime. Meanwhile there are doughnuts and coffee. And the pleasant sun is shining. I suspect you are missing a lot of happiness because you don't know it when you see it.

Do you remember what Lincoln said?

"I have noticed that most people in this world are about as happy as they have made up their minds to be."

PAY, PAY, PAY!

WHATEVER you get you pay for, one way or another.

The cheapest plan is to pay cash.

There is a sort of satisfaction in giving money down for anything. Then you feel the matter is settled. No mortgage on your future happiness "heavy, heavy, hangs over your head."

Think over all the things you ever got for nothing. You've paid for them every one; paid perhaps in lowered self-respect, restricted liberty, an embarrassing sense of obligation—something that has cost you more than if you had handed over the price at once.

Stolen waters are sweet. The trouble is,

nobody ever got away with them. Every ounce of sweetness made a pound of nausea.

Self-indulgence tastes good. But remember the price—self-loathing.

Pride is a comfortable sensation. But its price is a fall, which is not comfortable.

When you do what you know is shady, in order to gain money or other advantage, you get your desire maybe, but it is prostitute's pay. You've sold yourself, and that is always a fool's bargain.

Nature keeps books pitilessly. Your credit with her is good, but she collects; there is no land you can flee to and escape her bailiffs.

You can cheat Nature, abuse her, lie to her, overreach her, she is very complaisant; you may do your will with her, but she never forgets; she sees to it that you pay her every cent you owe, with interest.

Every day her bloodhounds track down the men and women who owe her. The newspapers are full of their shrieks of pain, their gestures of horror.

Every generation a new crop of fools comes on. They think they can beat the orderly universe. They conceive themselves to be more clever than the eternal laws. They snatch goods from Nature's store and run. They enjoy the booty, laugh, and cackle at their skill.

And one by one they all come back to Nature's counter and pay—pay in tears, in agony, in despair; pay as fools before them have paid.

There is a perpetual, persistent ignorance, as eternal as wisdom.

So, enjoy yourself, youth; eat, drink, and be merry, and let your soul delight itself in fatness and wine, pluck the bloom of beauty,

and gather the fruits of laughter; but count the cost, beware of the insidious credit system, and pay cash.

At least then you'll know what it costs.

ART AND DEMOCRACY

WHEN you say "art" most people think of museums, picture-galleries and old masters.

It is quite the thing for gentlemen burdened with wealth to collect expensive and curious bric-a-brac and, upon the occasion of their death, to leave it to the city, to be known as the Smith-Jones collection.

What good is it? Who goes to museums? A very small portion of the people. The effect of the "art-gallery" upon the community is something, but the whole idea is a very poor grasping at the real function of art in democracy.

If benevolently inclined folk want to increase the ministry of the beautiful, let them

improve the appearance of the houses of the citizens, the furniture in them and the grounds around them.

Particularly let them make beautiful the habitations of the poor.

A hundred-thousand-dollar picture from Europe is not in any way so valuable artistically as ten thousand dollars' worth of trees would be, or twenty thousand dollars spent on adorning the water-front, or fifty thousand dollars invested in changing slum tenements into comely and home-like dwellings.

Art for the exclusive set only, whether that set is millionaires or alleged high-brows, is as bad as anything else that is exclusive. Unless art can get to the common people it is a superfluity.

In Minnesota, the director of the State Art Commission, Maurice Irwin Flagg, has been doing some sensible and real art pro-

motion. He supplies farmers and dwellers in small villages gratis with models for attractive homes and landscape designs.

The purpose is "to beautify the dwelling-places of the people and develop at the same time ambition for and a love of the beautiful in the minds of men with small incomes."

This is the sort of art work that is sincere and effectual. It gets somewhere. It helps. It is not a conceited effort to appeal to the superior classes.

When we do away with the ugly "shoe-box" farmhouse, with its abominable barn, and substitute something picturesque in their place; when we transform the village from a collection of huge dry-goods packing-cases set in rows, dull and dreary and stupid in appearance, into a lovely garden, trees and flowers, with houses of charming and individual attractiveness; when we get some

sort of artistic unity in our city building; then we shall be entitled to be called lovers of beauty.

Other states are following. California, Kentucky, Texas, and Indiana are formulating programs similar to that of Minnesota. Germany, Italy, France, and Canada have published the Minnesota plans.

Says Mr. Flagg:

"This better-housing program is supplementary to the other work of the commission. It circulates exhibits of industrial art, sculpture, home furnishings, home industries, and school art. It organizes home industries and handicraft classes and puts into the field specialists to teach such work. And it has been successful in finding a market for its product."

FUTURISTS

"IF," writes Sir Francis Younghusband, "we stand a two-foot rule on end and take it to represent the period which has elapsed since man first appeared, it will be only the top inch that will represent the distance of time since the dawn of civilization, and only the last eighth of an inch that will denote the period of European civilization."

As far as scientists are able to judge, the earth is still in its infancy. In all probability the human race is to continue for a million years or so. Before us, therefore, stretches out a vast future, inconceivably more influential than the past.

There are two classes of minds. One is dominated by the past and the other by the

future. Wherever you find two or more men gathered together you may witness the clash of these two types. There are conservatives and progressives, liberals and standpatters, orthodox and heretics, the adventurous and the safe; all of which amounts to saying that there are souls gripped by what is to be and souls gripped by what has been.

Both tendencies need the moderation of common sense. A certain conservatism is needed, because whatever good there is in the future must grow out of the past; civilization is a growing unit. And a certain progressiveness is needed, because without it the past would paralyze us with its dead head. Too much conservatism means stagnation; too much progressiveness means anarchy.

But it is the future-feeling that most needs to be developed. The past is but too strongly intrenched already in the consciousness of

the world. It is from those million years to come that we should draw our inspiration.

Law is now, and always has been, but the accumulated wisdom of the past. It ought to grasp the future; there should be more legislation for what will be than from what has been.

Education is past-ridden. It should turn more toward taking as its norm the man yet to be than the man as he has been or is.

Morals that aim to make us conform to present or bygone social standards are irritating, but a morality drawn from what society will be can impassion us, and so develop us.

The cities of ancient times are imposing in their ruins, but I like best to wander the streets of those magnificent cities of the days to come, those dream-cities, where democracy expresses itself in beauty and the maj-

esty of work is beyond all that war and kingcraft ever devised.

Even so with life itself. The greatest contribution of religion to human life is the gift of a sense of the future, of another life beyond this. Whether this be provable or no, the very presence of the notion of it in men's minds lends them a dignity and a power nothing else could induce. If, as old age comes on, we have amassed only a past, a pile of memories and failures, then life moves slowly on to tragedy; but if there looms in the consciousness a feeling of a possible future the mind finds in it a veritable fountain of youth.

I make no bones of saying that I am, or want to be, a "futurist."

ANGER POISON

ALL the poisons are not kept in chained bottles on drug-store shelves.

All the cases of strange illness and wasting are not due to subtle drops from India nor mysterious powders sold by old witches.

And all the shocking deaths are not the result of taking tablets of bichloride of mercury thinking they are of aspirin.

The commonest, deadliest, and most dreadful poisons are those we carry around with us. They are contained in our mind.

There is no doubt about the injurious effects of certain emotions upon the body. They are as well authenticated as the operation of henbane or arsenic.

The exudation of sweat-glands, for in-

stance, has been analyzed, and certain strong feelings have been shown to produce certain definite injurious secretions.

Anger is one state which produces diseased conditions, as headache, loss of appetite, deranged digestion, even syncope.

In one instance the anger of a mother had such an effect upon her suckling child that it died in paroxysms.

Not only the occasional outburst of anger, but those states we might call chronic anger, such as impatience, petulance, irritability, bad temper, and the like, produce as clear forms of intoxication (poisoning) as alcohol.

Many cases of chronic indigestion, nervousness, morbidity, and hypochondria are attributable to nothing but slow anger poison.

If one can clean the harmful ferments out of his body by a dose of salts or by the use

of bran and oil, he can also cleanse his system of far more toxic contents by forgiving his enemies every night before he goes to bed, by daily purging his consciousness of all hates, resentments, and grudges.

Anger is sometimes unavoidable, as when we witness or hear of some outrageous act of injustice or cruelty. But if we must have it, let it be quick and soon over. For when it remains in us it is we who suffer, and not our adversary.

It unnerves our hand, blinds our vision, impairs our judgment, and when it leaps to vengeance invariably overleaps, bringing to us regret and remorse in lieu of satisfaction.

"Remember," wrote Lord Chesterfield, "there are but two procedures in the world to a gentleman and a man of parts: either extreme politeness or knocking down."

And mighty good advice it is from the old

worldly-wise philosopher. For anger that is balked or impotent, if kept lurking in the mind, settles into a slow poison.

It distorts the features and makes even a handsome face ugly, gives a vicious twist to the smile and a forbidding cast to the eye.

It distorts our thoughts. We become unpleasant companions to ourselves, and from ourselves there is no escape.

It upsets sleep, disturbs the simple delights of eating and drinking, degrades our work and spoils our play.

I do not say, "Don't get angry," but "Don't stay angry."

BE A BIRD LANDLORD!

DO you know your bird neighbors? If not, why not get acquainted? It will repay you, not only in that delight which all knowledge gives, but in a wider sympathy with Nature and her wondrous lives, in a cheering acquaintance with the shy brotherhood of winged things, in a spiritual companionship with the little people of the air, who always symbolize to us hope, optimism, and the brighter qualities of existence.

To take your gun and kill the air neighbors is brutal, stupid—and you ought to be ashamed of it. Take a pair of opera glasses instead, and do a little "watchful waiting" in a corner of the shrubbery. Learn to know the various uniforms of the aerial

companies, the blue, gray, yellow, and red, the various tufts, tails, and topknots, that are vastly more interesting than soldiers' regalia on the battlefield, or women's hats on the Champs Elysees.

Speaking of hats, is it not incredible that countless valuable insect-eating birds, who are our greatest defense against the worms and bugs that destroy a billion dollars' worth of crops annually in the United States, are destroyed that their feathers may decorate women's headgear?

After you come to know your bird friends, take measures to provide for their comfort. Be a bird landlord. Put up houses for them. You will get an amazing rental in the spectacle of happy lives, not in money but in cheeps and chirrups, glimpses of fluttering wings through the sunny air, and a knowledge that in many a cozy nest are little

beings which, were it not for your charity, might be devoured by ferocious cats or frozen stiff or dead with hunger by the roadside.

Martins will live, like human beings, in sky-scrapers or apartment-houses in miniature. Jenny Wren likes seclusion, away from prying neighbors; a single gourd or tomato-can may do, and she has been known to bring up her little ones in a sprinkling-can or a mail-box. The log cabin made from a hollow limb is preferred by the Flicker and Nuthatch families. Robins and Phoebes go in for open sleeping-porches: and Bluebirds like roof-gardens, whence they can easily fly out and in.

"Turn the openings of the bird-houses away from the prevailing north winds," says an authority, "and don't forget to sheathe the posts or poles that support them with tin

or galvanized iron to prevent cats from climbing up."

If you want specification for building bird-houses you can get them free by applying to the United States Government at Washington.

Help the little wanderers that are being destroyed by their natural enemies the hunters; though there's nothing said in Holy Writ about being rewarded for this in heaven, you may be sure that you will get your reward on earth each day by an added interest in life, by the pleasure of protecting "our little sisters, the birds," and at the same time doing real service for human beings.

THE ACTOR'S PRAYER

O GOD, here in my dressing-room, with the door shut, I am alone with Thee.

I am glad I know the great spirit that stands silently by, here, as in every place where a human heart is beating.

Cannot an actor be God's man? Cannot I, whose business it is to play, be as conscientious as those in authority or peril, or solemn function?

Convention classes me and my fellows among the loose and thoughtless.

So Thou art my secret. I triumph inwardly to find Thy presence and taste the mystic joy of Thy friendship, while the world suspects not.

Thou washest my heart clean as the priest's. Thou givest me a holy ambition to do my work well, that I also may be a devout craftsman. Thou teachest me subtle ways to resist despair, to master my passions, to heal unworthy weakness; the rare medicine of Thy presence is for me, too, as well as for the cloistered monk or meditating scholar.

Teach me to be great, among the many who are content to be called great.

Reveal to me the satisfaction of virtue, the inner rewards of loyalty, helpfulness and self-control.

Let me be an unusual person because of that simplicity of heart and that lovableness of nature that I learn from Thee.

May I also touch the infinite and share the divine current that thrills all high souls. Save me from the bogs of pettiness, from

egotism, self-pity, envy, and all the corrosives that mar life.

I do not serve in the temple; mine is no solemn office nor critical station; but I thank Thee that the river of God flows through the streets of the city, and that whosoever will may drink.

Make me to achieve a better success in my role before the ever-present audience of the angels than I hope to have when I play my part upon the mimic stage.

Ever, in all junctures, in hours of lightness as in stress or trial, God of my soul, help me play the man. Amen!

IT CAN'T BE DONE

IF you're looking about for something to do, something big, something that will bring you fame and money, find something that can't be done and do it.

Whoever is at work that can be done is not indispensable. If he quits, seven others are in line to take his job.

But the man who can do what can't be done is not to be dispensed with. The business cannot get along without him.

Advertise for applicants for a job in your store at ten dollars a week, a job any industrious person can hold, and next morning the street will be black with the crowd of seekers.

Advertise for a man who will tell you in a day how to increase your net profits or decrease your expenses ten per cent., and all you will need at your door is a policeman to handle the cranks.

Particularly in the higher realm of endeavor, in the domain of thought and of morals, it is the impossible that is essential, dominant, needed.

Conscience always points to what is beyond our capacity.

Reason invariably demonstrates that what should be done is the impractical.

The world progresses only as mankind does what can't be done.

The eight-hour day, says Mr. Forbes, was socialistic, anarchistic, and absurd when first advocated. Nothing could be more impossible. Still, it lay on the conscience of the humane employer as well as upon the desire

of the worker; and it was realized, and without any tremendous upheaval of the industries concerned.

It was once said that seven-day work could not be done away with in the steel industry. The nature of the business demanded continuous labor. Give steelworkers a Sabbath rest? It can't be done. Yet it was done. Today not five per cent. of the United States Steel Company's employees work seven days a week.

Against every demand of humanity it has been objected, "It can't be done."

You can't treat prisoners like human beings, they said, and for centuries the vile birds of horror and cruelty befouled every penitentiary. Today militant reformers are doing the impossible, and the cursed ramparts of inhumanity are crumbling.

Men could not spread religion without

quarrelings, torture, force. But it is being done.

Plagues could not be prevented, the ignorant common people could not be educated, little children could not be spared from stunting labor, sweatshops could not be abolished, corporal punishment and trial by torture could not be brought to pass, slavery, duelling, and gladiatorial games could not be abated. At some time or another practical men held all these things impossible.

And now they sagely tell us that war cannot be evaded; nations must have war; to expect to abolish war is ideal, fanatical, theoretical, impossible.

Very well. If it's impossible, let's do it.

FROM THE CHIN UP

FROM your chin down you are worth about a dollar and a half a day.

From the chin up you are worth—anything. There's no limit.

Without your headpiece you are just an animal, and about as valuable as a horse—maybe.

You have a mistaken idea. You think you are paid for your work. You are not. You are paid for what you think while you work. It's the kind of brain that directs your hands that gives you your rating.

And what causes you the most concern: the contents of your skull, or the mass below the collar-bone?

You exercise your body, keep your arms

strong, and your legs limber, and your waist-line supple—but do you regularly exercise your cerebrum?

Are your thoughts flabby, uncontrolled, wayward, and useless, though you are expert in tennis or golf?

Is your thinker as keen, alert, disciplined, accurate, and dependable as your hands?

Where do you get your pleasures? From the chin down? Is it all dancing for your feet, and meat for your belly, and clothes for your back? And—is all your fun in the cellar? Don't you ever have any fun in the attic?

What interests you most, books or beer?

What pains you most, a stomach-ache or a lie?

How are you pulled? To what part of you is the cable-tow fastened—to your loins or to your forehead?

Suppose it were possible to live after the head had been severed from the body; which part would you rather be, the head part or the meat part?

What are you, anyhow: an animal, pestered with a mind; or a soul, prisoned in a body?

Do you know that the gist of culture consists in transferring one's habitual amusements from below to above the nose?

YESTERDAY

I AM Yesterday. I am gone from you forever.

I am the last of a long procession of days, streaming behind you, away from you, pouring into mist and obscurity, and at last into the ocean of oblivion.

Each of us has his burden, of triumph, of defeat, of laughter, of bitterness; we bear our load from you into forgetfulness; yet as we go we each leave something in your subconsciousness.

We fill your soul's cellar.

I depart from you, yet I am ever with you.

Once I was called Tomorrow, and was virgin pure; then I became your bride and

was named Today; now I am Yesterday, and carry upon me the eternal stain of your embrace.

I am one of the leaves of a growing book. There are many pages before me: Some day you shall turn us all over and read us and know what you are.

I am pale, for I have no hope. Only memories.

I am rich, for I have wisdom.

I bore you a child, and left him with you. His name is Experience.

You do not like to look at me. I am not pretty. I am majestic, fateful, serious.

You do not love my voice. It does not speak to your desires; it is cool and even and full of prudence.

I am Yesterday; yet I am the same as Today and Forever; for I AM YOU; and you cannot escape from yourself.

Sometimes I talk with my companions about you. Some of us carry the scars of your cruelty. Some the wretchedness of your crime. Some the beauty of your goodness. We do not love you. We do not hate you. We judge you.

We have no compassion; only Today has that. We have no encouragement for you; only Tomorrow has that.

We stand at the front door of the past welcoming the single file of days, that pass through, watching Tomorrows becoming Todays and then enter among us.

Little by little we suck out your life, as vampires. As you grow older we absorb your thought. You turn to us more and more, less and less toward Tomorrow.

Our snows cumber your back and whiten your head. Our icy waters put out your passions. Our exhalations dim your hopes.

Our many tombstones crowd into your landscape. Our dead loves, burnt-out enthusiasms, shattered dream-houses, dissolved illusions, move to you, surround you.

Tomorrows come unnoticed. Todays slip by unheeded. More and more you become a creature of Yesterdays.

Ours are banquet-halls full of wine-soaked tablecloths, broken viands, wilted roses.

Ours are empty churches, where aspirations were, where only ghosts are.

Ours are ghastly Pompeiian streets, rich galleons a hundred fathoms deep, genealogical lists of sonorous names, mummies in museums, fragmentary pillars of battered temples, inscriptions on bricks of Nineveh, huge stone gates standing amidst the tropical verdure of Yucatan, Etruscan wine-jars now dry and empty forever.

Ours are the old credulities. With us are Wotan, Zeus, Ormuzd, Isis, Vishnu.

From us comes that miasm of inertia that holds humanity in thrall; from us comes the strength of war-makers, monarchs, and all the privileged.

We reach up long, sinewy, gray arms of custom and tradition, to choke Today and impede Tomorrow.

We are the world's Yesterdays. If you knew enough to put your feet upon us you might rise rapidly. But when you let us ride on your backs we strangle and smother you.

I am Yesterday. Learn to look me in the face, to use me, and not to be afraid of me.

I am not your friend. I am your judge —and your fear.

Tomorrow is your friend.